The Millheim Journal.

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A. HARTER,

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"O ROBIN BLITHE."

O robin blithe, your plumage dun
And cardinal shimmers in the sun,
As swift you fly from tree to tree,
Filling the air with melody,
And waking love, O merry one.

Your eyes diaphonous gleam with fun,
As you dissect the broken bun
The house-maid flings gratuitously,
O robin blithe.

Wood-chorister, eclipsed by none,
My thoughts to themes delicious run
Upon your flood of song. Ah, me!
Lookout! here slyly comes, just see,
A barefoot urchin with a gun,
O robin blithe.

BESS.

Mr. John Bayberry strode into the house, and stamped along the hall, and through all the rooms below stairs, dashing open every door he came to and leaving it so, until he reached the kitchen, which he found deserted like all the other rooms; for even black Aunt Peg had forsaken it, and was out in the back yard, hanging out the Monday wash.

"Has *everybody* evaporated?" demanded Mr. Bayberry, grimly addressing space.

Receiving no reply, he banged open yet another door, which swung back against a precarious and shaky shelf, thus upsetting the equilibrium of a brass candlestick, a flat-iron and three tin cans, and they all went bumping down on to the floor together.

Bess was in the pantry, washing off the shelves with hot soapsuds; for Bess was a busy little body, and insisted on performing a certain part of the household duties every day.

She was standing on a cheese-box during the present performance—for Bess was so short she could not reach the second shelf—and she had a big table-cloth pinned over her dress, and her silky hair twisted tight upon the top of her head and pinned with three great hair-pins, that bristled up and looked like three pair of budding horns.

She heard the rapid footsteps outside, and smiled.

"That's Uncle John," said she, "and he wants somebody likely. But I can't go just yet. Men always want something or somebody."

And she went on, calmly removing a row of jelly-glasses, every one dark and rich with its luscious contents. Then she was startled by the thumping

"Dear me!" said Bess, dropping the wing with which she had been brushing the shelf. "I suppose if some one don't go, he won't scruple to tumble the the house over; and where Aunt Jule is, the man in the moon couldn't tell."

She jumped off the cheese-box, carefully holding up the table-cloth to avoid stepping on it, and opened the pantry-door. Aunt Jule had also appeared, in a loose, green wrapper, from which a piece of torn ruffling, two yards in length, was dragging on the floor, with an old magazine, minus its covers, in her hand,

"Dear me, John—" began Aunt Jule, looking injured.

"And dear *me!*" interrupted Mr. Bayberry, "if this house had legs, it might run away twenty times over and no one to prevent. Come out of there. Bess, and both of you listen! I've got some abominable news. Jule, your late lamented's cousin, that tall, electioneering widow, wants to come down here and board all summer, with her daughter. 'dear Leonie,' who modestly wishes to give her 'numerous lovers' the slip, and rusticate at 'dear Meadowlands.' There's no end of 'dears' in her letter, and a string of compliments that are all in her eye, I'll wager my biggest squash!"

Mr. Bayberry's sister sat down, looking helpless and mournful; but black-eyed Bess, whose ideas and opinions one could never foresee, favored the cause of her kinswoman, though they had made a point of ignoring her completely.

"Do let them come, Uncle John!" said she. "I always did want to see my stylish cousins awfully!"

"Oh," answered Mr. Bayberry, shrugging his broad shoulders, "if you want to cook, and iron, and slave for two fine city relations that don't take the trouble to remember your existence, go ahead! Write to 'em to come, by all means; but don't expect me to 'tend to 'em and hold their yarn and turn their music while they squeal sentimental songs into my ears—"

"Goodness, Uncle John!" interrupted Bess; "no one would suppose how warmly you praised Dr. Dare's last sermon on charity, to hear you take on!"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence!" answered Mr. Bayberry, as he stalked away.

But there was a flush on his cheek, and perhaps his conscience echoed Bess' reproof. For Mr. Bayberry's words and manners occasionally expressed more harshness than was in his heart, and, owing to his rather irascible temper, few dared to take the liberty to ecture him.

Bess, who was not his niece at all, but only the niece of his late brother-in-law, was one of the few; and though she sometimes stood half in awe of him herself, there was a conscientious straightforwardness about her which led her to speak her mind whenever she considered it her duty to do so.

Perhaps she might, advantageously to herself, have cultivated a rather less abrupt manner, and so have found favor in more eyes. But, nevertheless, it so happened that Mr. John Bayberry, who was rather peculiar himself, never took real offense at her words and occasionally profited by them. And this perhaps was at least partly because she had a way of popping out her little sermons in a concise, epigrammatic manner, and never "harped" on one subject.

A week later found the large parlor at Meadowlands graced by the presence of two stylishly-arrayed ladies, just from the city, and indulging in a series of rapturous exclamations over the charm of rural scenes, to the astonishment of Aunt Jule, who saw nothing to gush about in fields and vines, and was secretly wondering if the grease spot in the side-breadth of her over-skirt was very noticeable.

"And here's Bess, your little country cousin," said Mr. Bayberry, drawing her forward from the shadow of the window-curtains, from which she had been admiring Miss Leonie.

"Dear me!" drawled the elegant Mrs. Horton, as she gazed down an immeasurable distance at the girl, for Mrs. Horton was very tall, and of a lofty carriage withal, "this is Bess, is it? We didn't dream of finding you here."

"Why should we?" queried Miss Leonie, languidly settling back against the rich-colored sofa cushions. "She isn't any relation of yours, is she, Mr. Bayberry?"

"Not at all," returned Mr. Bayberry, a trifle stiffly; "but she is quite as welcome to Meadowlands as if she were; especially as her blood relations choose to ignore her existence."

Mrs. Horton flushed a little; Miss Leonie bit her lip; and Bess shook her curly head at Uncle John on the sly.

That same evening, Bess was sitting on the back-door step, peeling velvety, crimson, rare-ripe peaches for supper, when Ashley Gray came along the clover-edged path leading from the stile down in the orchard, which he, as a very intimate friend of the family, whose home adjoined Meadowlands, found it convenient now and then to make use of,

"Go round to the parlor and see the ladies," said Bess, as she laid the last peach, glowing and pink-hearted, in the high cut-glass dish.

"I don't want to see city folks," said the young man.

"But you must go this time," answered Bess, "for I must go in. I promised to set the table for Aunt Peg."

So he went, and it somehow happened that the next night he went without urging: and the next night. Ah, Bess, little, ruffled white pillow soaked up two or three, pearly tears!

The long summer days were waning at last. It was late August, sultry but sweet, softening with the vague premonitions of the coming autumn, odorous with the spicy scent of herbs, and bright with dashes of intense color here and there. Mist crowned the hills, and languid loveliness was everywhere.

Bess stood, in the pinkish gray of the gloaming, upon the broad balcony, her head resting against a square, white pillar, the sprays of the Madeira-vines above just sweeping her dusk-brown curls.

And Mr. John Bayberry stood and watched her—watched her with his black eyebrows drawn together in a line and a set grimness about his mouth scarcely visible beneath his shaggy mustache.

"Bess," he said, at last, "you have seen all this flirtation and tomfoolery going on between young Gray and your Cousin Leonie?"

"Yes," answered Bess.

"And—do you care? Excuse me Bess, but I want to know."

"No, Uncle John, I don't care a snap," replied Bess, lifting her head and smiling straight in his eyes. "I cared a little at first, but I don't now—not a bit!"

Mr. Bayberry came a little nearer her.

"Bess—Bess," he said, lingering a little over the name, "I have found cause lately to rejoice that you are really no relation of mine. Can you guess why, Bess? Are you glad, too?"

She dropped her head again, answering nothing.

"Tell me," he said. "You can surely guess my meaning?"

"I—what right have I—I—"

"Never mind about the right. Just tell me if you are glad. You shall not regret it."

"Yes, then," she murmured, radiantly blushing; "I am glad."

Meanwhile Mrs. Horton and her daughter were holding a private conversation in their own room.

"Mr. Gray proposed last night, Leonie?"

Mrs. Horton spoke carelessly, yet she glanced half uneasily at the young lady rocking idly by the window.

"He did."

"I hope—I suppose you refused him?"

"Of course," returned Miss Leonie, carelessly. "That was only a neat flirtation. Bess is welcome to him now. I presume she will be consoled, if he is a cast-off glove."

"Meadowlands is a splendid place, Leonie, and valuable."

"And Mr. Bayberry is a very handsome man."

The two ladies smiled and understood each other perfectly.

Later Miss Leonie sauntered down to the balcony.

Bess was still standing in the shade of the Madeira-vine.

Leonie sat down upon the step and yawned.

Bess was nobody, that she should trouble herself to be ceremonious.

'Don't you find your position here very trying?" asked Leonie, in her most languid, indifferent tone.

"Why?" queried Bess.

"O, it must be very unpleasant to be dependent on a man who is in no way related to you."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Bess, indulging in a little laugh all to herself in the Madeira shadow.

"You see, Miss Leonie," said John Bayberry, directly behind her. "Bess is soon to have the best right in the world to be dependent on me. You have often observed that we are not related; but we shall be, for Bess will be Mrs. Bayberry before the autumn wanes."

Corea.

In a recent interview Commodore Shufeld said: Of course you know that Corea is a country that has long been inaccessible to the world. I believe I am the first white man who has ever trod the soil of the interior, and therefore, perhaps, I am a curiosity. So far as I saw them the people of Corea are greatly attached to their country, have no disposition to emigrate—which accounts for their exclusiveness heretofore—but are possessed of a lively curiosity. On landing in Corea to meet the two Ministers appointed by the King to negotiate this treaty two officers accompanied me for some distance into the interior. We were unarmed, but were not molested. The roads over which we traveled were lined with people for miles, attracted probably by their first opportunity to look upon the face of a white man. In some instances they crowded around us. We pardoned their obtrusiveness, because we were probably a great mystery to them"

"In what respect do the Coreans resemble the Chinese?"

"I could see but little resemblance. The Chinese of different localities look very different, as you know. The Mongolians of the North do not very much resemble the Mongolians of the south, who mostly come to California, and the Corean looks much unlike either class. Their complexion is light, their hair dark, long and wiry and their eyes black. They remind me of the North American Indian and I believe the resemblance is sufficiently close to justify the belief that Corea furnished material to populate this country originally. All the difference between the two races could have been produced by climate and mode of living after immigration here. Owning to the fact that naturalists have never had an opportunity to investigate Corea, this resemblance has not been carried out to its logical conclusion.

"All the occupation the Coreans have is agriculture and the product of the soil is mostly consumed at home. They export a little rice and a few beans to Japan, but they have no commerce and no marine. All their carrying is done on animals or by means of inperfect boats, on the rivers. They appear inoffensive and not disposed to go to war with anybody, and yet the mass of the people are said to be curious in regard to outside affairs. The country is ruled by a King, who in his own dominion is an absolute despot, having complete power over the lives and property of the most noble of his subject. He is assisted in governing by a council selected from the nobility, who have charge of the various departments—judical, war, financial and interior departments. The person of the King for centuries has been absolutly inaccessible, and no person of his own race, much less a foreigner, has been abl to get into his presence. It is sacrilege to utter the name he has received fron his suzerain and that by which he is known in history is only given him after his death. It is high treason to touch his person with a weapon of iron. Notwithstanding the monarch's exclusiveness, however, in theory his ear is always open to the people, and an appeal to him in all grave matters is nominally permitted. The interference of the nobility in politics is also high treason and the princes of the blood excluded wholly from power. About a year since a plot to gain control of the government was discovered among the nobles, and every person in any way connected with it was beheaded. This treatment of the paricipants in the imbroglio was a salutary lesson. Although the King wields such power, there are two political parties among the nobles of Corea. One party is called the Progressists, the other by a name wich implies their antipodes—those opposed to progress. The former party is at present in power, a fact which rendered the negotiation of our treaty possible."

Home of Gold.

Somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high rocky walls and accessible by a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it throughly and makes it a perfect Paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as other streams do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the centre of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin and around it cluster a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the dominion of the descendants of the Conquestodores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into the valley is carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living near it, and among them it is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the Medicine lodge. Having such a story to work upon there is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexicans should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvarez, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of the wall. Finding that he could not hope to enter by climbing down, he took up his abode with the Indians who guard this canyon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance, Jose went in and would possibly have gotten away with some of the gold had he not weighed himself down to such an extent that he could not get up the declivity at the lower end of the passage. He was discoverd and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all the terrible ceremonies of the old Aztec religion. She, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil trying to find the Madre d'Oro, but it is scarcely necessary to say without result.

A Few Simple Recipes.

The Small Boy—Take equal parts of noise, dirt and four horse-power steam-engine; mix with bread and butter to the taste (the boy's taste), and set the mixture to cool in the middle of a ten-acre lot. If you find you have put in too much noise (which you undoubtedly have), turn over and knead with the hand or split shingle.

The Saleslady—This is a very easy dish. All that is required is a little giggle, brass to season, and a garnishing of frizzles, bangs and cheap jewelry. Mix in an empty skull and serve.

The Politician—Tact, one part; two eyes for the main chance; one tongue, well oiled, and as much cheek as possible. If you have a little brain handy, it may be added sparingly; but it does not matter much, and most housekeepers consider any use of brain in this connection as extravagant. Bake in a slow oven, so that it need not be done brown. If it be more than half-baked it is ruined.

The Poet—To make a poet, take liberally of shimmering sunshine, strain through a rhyming dictionary, and add equal parts of lovesick adjectives, archaic adverbs and such other words as you may never have heard of. Set in a warm place, where the whole may become intimately mingled, and garnish with long hair, seedy clothing and an empty stomach.

The Author—Take such facts as you have in the house and mix with twenty gallons of gush and twaddle for each fact, and boil down one-half. Then add of classical allusions, threadbare stories and ubiquitous ancedotes ten parts each, and serve in a greasy coat and bald head. Some prefer to send to the table in curl papers, triced with hair-pins but in this case the sauce must not be forgotton, and a little politico-poetic transcendentalism is also a great improvement.

A Kiss—This is composed of equal parts of honey, sugar, ice cream, soda with four kinds of syrup, love in a cottage and supernal bliss. It can be made in the dark just as well as in the light. Bake in an elliptical dish, and serve warm.

Charity—This is usually served cold. When warm it is very apt to spoil, and must therefore be used at home. Take one part heart and one hundred parts talk, and stir together until the heart is dissolved, and add sufficient policy and worldly wisdom to give it a flavor. Charity made by this recipe will keep a long time in any climate.

The Tide of Immigration.

The Bureau of Statistics has issued its annual report, showing the total immigration to the United States for the year ending June 30, 1882. Its first and most notable feature has reference to the enormous proportions which this foreign influx has assumed. The total immigration for the current year amount to 789,003, 119,572 more than last year, when the highest total was reached ever known in the history of this country. Some idea of the relative amount of this foreign addition to our population may be gathered by the statement that four years of such increase would aggregate a number equal to the total population of the United States at the time of the Revolution—a population which it had required one hundred and fifty years to reach. Of this enormous sum Germany furnished the largest instalment, her quota aggregating 149,505. England and Wales furnished 85 175; Ireland, 76,432, and Sweden, 64,607, while the Dominion of Canada is credited with 98,-308, considerable portion of them undoubtedly being Europeans who came through Canadian ports. Nearly two-thirds of the whole number, or 502,171, landed at New York. Huron stands next in the list, with 71 424; Boston follows, with 58,887; Baltimore, with 41,739, while Philadelphia stands fifth in the list, with 36,284. The most marked proportional increase over the immigration of last year was among the Chinese, 39,579 of whom arrived in 1882, as against 11,890 in 1881. If this extraordinary rate of immigration should be maintained for any great lenth of time Uncle Sam's remaining free domain will be circumscribed very fast. A farm each for 100,000 families, besides what is required for the natural increase of our own population, will rapidly exhaust our surplus lands. Notwithstanding strikes and others evidences of discontent among our own workingmen, this enormous migration to our shores indicates that the laboring people of the Old World believe that they can better their condition very materially by coming here and sharing the lot of these discontented wage-earners. "The land of the free and the home of the brave" seems to be still the most attractive country on the green earth, judging by the rate at which the peoples of nearly all civilized countries are flocking hither.

How Skobeleff died.

The evening General Skobeleff died he was in his usual health and spirits and dined heartily with some boon companions at one of the best restaurants in the town, After dinner the party proceeded to the Ermitage Gardens, a place of entertainment in the environs of Moscow, of the same character as the Cremorne Gardens used to be in London. More friends were met at the Ermitage, and after a very lively evening the party returned to the town. Skobeleff invited some of the company to join him at supper at a small hotel of indifferent repute in the Petrovka street, named the Hotel d'Angleterre. In this hotel and in this society the General died.

Skobeleff had numerous enemies, and by many it is believed that he was a victim to foul play; but those who best knew his character, and who also know who were in his company at the time of his death, consider it far more probable that he was killed by one of his male companions in a drunken brawl. A writer says: I myself, immediately on hearing of his decease, sought information at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I was refused admittance, and when I attempted to question the proprietor he declined to reply. He "had never seen General Skobeleff;" he did not know he was dead, and he did not know why I asked him about it. Other inquirers were in my presence similarly refused information. The General's body was at night secretly removed to the Hotel Dusaux, where the next day it was given out that Russia's greatest military chief had suddenly expired from heart disease.

Odd Notices

A gentleman near Winchester made a rockery in front of his house in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware, Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here." The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a notice on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: "Any person entering these enclosures will be shot and prosecuted." An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." It was not long before he had an applicant. "Well my man, are you a contented fellow?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then why do you want my field?" The applicant did not wait to reply.

—Rabbits are not poisoned by belladonna or stramonium.

Rotterdam

It is nearly mid-day, says a writer before we get through the sluice-gates and drop down towards Rotterdam. We pass many canals, which stretch away from us into the country. There are many of them so narrow that only small craft can ply upon then. The windmills multiply and then suddenly cease, for we are now in a region where they are unavailing; the land lies much below the level of the sea, and is irreclaimable. Most desolate, even in the bright mid-day sun, is the appearance of the shores. We are no longer in a canal, but in a wide sweep of dark, turbid water, fringed by a wilderness of sedges and osiers. Flocks of teal and brent rise with harsh discordant cry; while water-hens bob in and out among the twisted roots of the willows. In the background rises the bare, straight highroad against the the horizon. Here and there a tiny cottage stands on its platform of brick; at the foot of a flight of steps, a boat lies moored; the only means of exit and egress being by water. The occupation of these lonely dwellers ot the marsh is osier-cutting. The osiers are split and made into hoops, an extensive trade being carried on between Holland and other countries in this commodity. Soon we begin to pass numerous vessels; the water widens, and a forest of masts rises in the distance, and there is Rotterdam. Very quaint and picturesque looks the ancient city, with its curious gabled houses, over whose roofs the spires of more than one old church appear. The broad quay is planted with magnificent limetrees which also rear their leafy branches over the sidewalks of the many canals which intersect the town like a network, where busy craft pass up and down. But when the noise and bustle of the day are stilled, and I sit on deck and watch the great round moon lift her yellow face above the tall ships' masts, and softly throw her magic mantle over the scene, I think that Holland, with its ever-present waters, is a land of beauty and wondre.

An Eccentric Bishop.

In a sermon at the Calcutta Cathedral, after a hubbub about some indiscretion attributed to an officer of rank, the bishop Wilson after a powerful discourse wound up by saying: "But my brethren, there are sinners everywhere. There are sinners even among these dear little children (pointing to the Sunday-school children right and left of him), and there are a vast number of old sinners in front of me," waving his hands over the heads of the Governor-General and staff, members of Council, heads of departments, etc. One morning I breakfasted with him. As usual at family prayers, which he invariably conducted himself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed, and then he said: "Let us pray for his dear wife, and dear children." A thought struck him, he paused, and he said to his chaplain: "By-the-bye, is he a married man?" "No, my lord, he is not married." "Ah, well, never mind," he resumed. "He may marry, and the children may come."

On another occasion it was related that he was preaching against the sin of avarice, when he delivered himself of the following remarks: "My brethren, there are several forms of avarice; one form has recently been brought home to me most unpleasantly. You all know my Arch-deacon there, a most excellent man; well, last week he sold me a horse for five hundred rupees—he is not worth ten. This, my brethren, I considered a most unpleasant form of avarice."

Treatment of Disease by Outdoor Life

More rational opinions are gradually making their way, and, in one particular at least, a beginning is being made of a revolution, namely, the system of treatment followed in "climatic" sanitariums, and establishments for the cure of diseases by air, difference of elevation, etc. The proprietors of such places it is true, speak of the "specific" virtues of their climate; but, inasmuch as chemistry shows that atmospheric air all over the earth has the same constitution, the specific virtue must reside in the special purity of the air—a thing wanting in cities, but found in all villages, provided they don't possess large factories. Further, it is an error to suppose that in the South—Florida, Colorado, or in the Tyrol, or by the lake of Geneva—it is as warm as in a hot-house. In those regions, too, it is now and then cold; yet it is easier to be out of doors there, for usually the sun shines and the landscape is beautiful. But, since we connot send all the sick to the South, we must devise some substitute at home, the benefit of which may be enjoyed even by the poorest. Then, too, when we consider that the majority of those who have spent the winter in a southern clime return as—embalmed corpses, because it is only when it is too late that people make up their minds to make the costly voyage, there is reason to expect better results from timely recourse at home to "air-cure." With the means of treatment at hand, disease might be nipped in the bud and lung complaints in general would be rarer.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21., 1882.

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Rev. Shannon, Preacher-in-charge.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlason, Pastor.—Preaching in Aarons burg next Sunday after noon and evening.

Ladies' Mite Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—A. R. Alexander Supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.

Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.

C. W. Hartman, Sec. W. L. Bright, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.

D. L. Zerby, Sec. T. G. Ehrhard, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.

A. Walter, Sec. B. O. Deininger, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.

J. W. Foote, Sec. D. I. Brown Pres't.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK,
OF YORK.

For Judge of the Supreme Court,
SILAS M. CLARK,
OF INDIANA.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA,
OF HUNTINGDON.

For Congressman-at-Large,
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT,
OF TIOGA.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
ANDREW G. CURTIN,
OF BELLEFONTE.
(Subject to the decision of the congressional conference.)

For Senator,
C. T. ALEXANDER,
OF BELLEFONTE.
(Subject to the decision of the senatorial conference.)

For Assembly,
HENRY MEYER,
OF MILES.
B. F. HUNTER,
OF BENNER.

For Jury Commissioner,
J. H. TOLBERT,
OF WALKER.

For Coroner,
H. K. HOY,
OF BELLEFONTE.

The Big Wave.

The Independent meeting in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on last Friday evening was a grand demonstration. The spacious hall was literally packed with people while scores were compelled to leave without being able to gain admittance. Charles Wheeler, Esq., of the firm of Morris, Wheeler & Co., presided assisted by one hundred and sixty vice-presidents, of the best business and professional men of the city. Senator John Stewart and Hon. Charles S. Wolfe were the speakers. As these gentle men appeared before the vast audience they were greeted with rounds of applause.

We can give only a few of the many strong points of the lengthy but able speeches which were listened to throughout by the audience with the utmost attention:

Stewart Arraigns the Big Boss

Let me particularize, so that there may be no misunderstanding. The one controlling will in the Republican party of Pennsylvania to-day is that of James Donald Cameron. He it is who practically gathers up with himself all the faculties and powers of the people and relieves them of all active participation in public affairs except the perfunctory business of voting, by determining according to the counsel of his own supreme pleasure who will best serve and what will most advantage the interest of his political dynasty. This is no sudden disclosure of a humiliating fact, but simply a public reminder of one which time and time again has put you to the blush. There is no necessity for the production of proof. No one denies the fact. It is admitted even by those who most violently protest against our present organized resistance. You have seen your State conventions bow submissive to his imperious will and signalize their servitude by a base betrayal of the people's cause. You have seen your Legislature just as often display like servility and disregard of popular demands, and, as the crowning act of all, you lately saw this same power deliver, as so much marketable commodity, the votes of a number of your Congressional Representatives in a contest for the Speakership of the Federal Congress.

But why enlarge on this? I speak only that which you yourself do know, and which has become so notorious throughout the land, that we, the citizens of a free Commonwealth, are taunted and derided as the subjects of a proprietary government, venal, corrupt and proscriptive in its methods and its rule.

May I not assume, in view of all this, that we are in entire accord in our offended pride as citizens of a noble State, in our humiliation as members of a political organization which has been so abused and enslaved, in our indignation as men who desire chiefly the public welfare, and in our sense of personal shame that through our indifference and supineness this monstrous usurpation has been allowed?

Wolfe Tells Why Beaver was Nominated.

They who tell us, he continued, that Beaver could have been nominated against Cameron's will, and in spite of his opposition, must remember that General Beaver was a candidate for Governor in 1878; that he was a one-legged soldier and a Christian gentleman then, but that the press and the people were not clamoring for his nomination then. Why not? Why did he only receive twelve votes in the convention then? Simply because Mr. Cameron's organs had not been ordered to pipe for him; Mr. Cameron's boys had not been ordered to "whoop her up" for him; Mr. Cameron's delegates had not been instructed to vote for him; and because, when things were a little stormy for Governor Hoyt, and Senator Cameron was urged by some of General Beaver's friends to take him as his candidate for Governor, he, as he expressed it, was afraid that he could not trust him. Tell me any canidate that has been nominated for any State office—and it used to be for any local office—against the will of Cameron? Could Kenehum be nominated? Could Grow? Could Wickersham? Could Reeder? Could Davies? Could Butler? Could Brown? No, no. It had long come to be well understood that he was a verdant or rash man who announced himself as a candidate for a State office or undertook to influence delegates before he had called upon Senator Cameron and received his royal nod of approval.

Now and then the conscience, the manhood and the patriotism of some noble soul would assert themselves, and he would revolt against such tyranny and debasing influence. In the next election he would find himself confronted by a strong opponent for nomination, perhaps, and unless strongly intrenched in public confidence and affection he would find another man the candidate of his party, or, if he chanced to get the nomination, he was in danger of waking up in the morning after election with the knives of all of Cameron's political assassins in his back and a Cameron Democrat as his successor. Thus, too, the depositories of public moneys and disbursing officers were brought under his control. When Presidents come to be nominated he had delegates at his disposal to be exchanged for Cabinet positions and Federal patronage.

Another and no doubt final effort was made at Philadelphia last week to harmonize the two wings of the republican party, but it just added another failure to those already made, and it seems now entirely safe to assume that the voters of Pennsylvania must settle all matters at variance not only between the two leading parties but between all subdivisions and factions as well. All signs seem now to point unmistakably to the election of Pattison and the entire Democratic State ticket.

The following is the *Times'* account of the doings of the "conference."

THE PEACE PROJECT DEAD

Rumors Concerning the Final Conference.

Mr. Barker Defines His Position.

The gentlemen who have been considering the subject of effecting a compromise between the two branches of the Republican party met again yesterday in the office of John Welsh, on Walnut street, above Third. Mr. Welsh, Thomas Cochran, Amos R. Little, Joseph Wharton and Edwin N. Benson, who formed the little party on Monday, were all there, and were joined only by John Wanamaker. They remained in session about one hour and a quarter, and upon dispersing declined emphatically to make public any thing that had been said or done. It was stated as a fact in political quarters, however, that the conference had decided not to issue the proposed open letter to the candidates, asking them to withdraw from the contest in favor of a more universally acceptable person, and that no further efforts would be made in the matter. This was said to have been partly influenced by the fact that so few business men had enlisted in the movement, but more especially by the unsympathetic attitude assumed by the chairmen of the two State committees, as given in the interview published in the Times yesterday.

In relation to the statement made by Thomas Cochran and other Stalwart members of the conference, that Wharton Baker and the Independents made the overtures for the compromise, Mr. Barker is reported to have denied it emphatictally and to have said: "Any report to that effect is gross misrepresentation. The Stalwart campaign is largely made up of such. There can be no question that the Independent Republicans have gained ground everywhere in the state within the last ten days, and many of the Stalwart leaders admit this to me and to others. There can be no settlement between the Independents and the Stalwarts which does not make sure the absolute destruction of boss power and the honest acceptance of the Philadelphia platform and the absolute withdrawal of General Beaver and the whole slated ticket. I am earnestly aiding to push forward the canvass for Stewart and the whole Philadelphia ticket, and nothing will check my efforts but an unconditional surrender.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* says the conductor on the Somerset and Johnstown Railroad who carried all the candidates to the meetings at the former place declares that all paid their way except Beaver, who travels on a free pass. It also says General Koontz was terribly severe on the Camerons, father and son. Koontz has since appeared with Judge Hall at the meeting of the Bedford Independents. Where is Grow?

The republicans of the Fifth New Jersey congressional district were very hard up for statesmen when they re-nominated the notorious Ex-Secretary Robeson, last week.

A Lively Picture.

New York Herald interview with Tom Marshall

"You will oppose the Beaver ticket?"

"I am opposed to Cameronism in all its forms, and the success of the regular ticket would mean the perpetuation of the Cameron power in the State. The Independent policy should be to extirpate the entire gang in the county ticket as well as in the State. The roots, if left, will spring up in a new growth and flourish. The Independents should and will run a candidate against Errett in this district."

"And your opinion of Beaver, Mr. Mashall?"

"He is Don Cameron's marionette. But what a leader he would make if he had the brains! He has a child's face in its innocent expression. His figure is tall and sleader, and he has the bearing of a Francis Loyola. But there is nothing behind it. He is as volatile as a child, and cannot make two successive speeches without contradicting himself. Nor do I believe in his sincere convictions on any subject. He went over to Cameron because he wanted to be Governor, as everybody knows, and yet he came to me after my nomination and threw his arms about my neck. 'God has called you, Mr. Marshall,' he said; 'It is your duty as a Christian man to accept.' Pah! Do you remember the story of that good old minister of whom a fluent and flaccid young candidate asked if he did not love to talk about Jesus? 'No,' said the old man; 'I haven't much religion to talk of.'"

The Massachusetts civil service reformers do not propose to go to sleep and put off their work till some other year. They have just issued a circular, signed by over one thousand leading business and professional men, including Presidents Elliot, of Harvard, and Mark Hopkins, of Williams Colleges, and others of like prominence, declaring their intention to vote for no candidate for Congress who does not expressly pledge himself in advance in favor of a radical reform of our present system. They also call upon all good citizens to follow their example and to organize in their respective districts for that purpose. It is evident that the civil service idea has come to stay, and the politicians had better get their eyes and ears open pretty soon, or, like Othello, their occupation will be gone.—*Times.*

The press is engaged, just now, in making estimates and calculations of the next Congress. Nearly all the papers agree as to the probability of Democratic success. Everything, they say, is favorable to it—the off year, when the vote of the party in power is always weak, the new apportionments and the bolts within the Republican party, caused by the protection question in the west and the Stalwart-Halfbreed fight in the East.

The New York *Sun*, analyzing every State and District, figures out a house of 179 Democrats, 139 Republicans and 7 Independents, or an absolute Democratic majority of 33. It believes that the Republican split in New York will give the Democrats 16 out of its 34 members of Congress, while the split in this State will increase the Democratic Congressmen from the Keystone State to 12 out of 28.

His Excellency, President Arthur actually rode in a common express wagon down at Newport last week, and the papers make a big fuss over it. No occasion at all. Bigger men than Arthur have done that long before. Why we have even seen editors riding on very ordidary wagons, and right glad they were for the opportunity.

Rev. J. L. W Seibert, of Milford, Somerset county, has been nominated as one of the Independent candidates for assembly. Mr Seibert is a prominent minister of the Evangelical Association and was once editor of *The Evangelical Messenger*.

The colored citizens of Bucks county are after their white brethren with sharp sticks. They demand the nomination for assembly of Edward Hartless, one of their own race, as the price of their future alligiance to the party

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Blaine has achieved a grand personal triumph in Maine over Arthur, Conkling and all other Stalwart forces combined. The plumed knight again looms up as a formidable candidate on the republican side, for President in 1884.

Gov. Hoyt has recently expressed the opinion that Gen. Beaver falls so short of obtaining the republican vote that he is hopelessly beaten.

The Beaver *Times* has dropped the Regular Republican ticket from its columns and comes out strongly and squarely for the Independents.

Gen. Wolseley has achieved a brilliant and decisive victory over Aribi Pasha's forces which will probably terminate the Egyptian war.

Cameronism Doomed.

From the New York Tribune, Rep.

The plain fact is that there are two republican tickets in the field, and there are not enough republican voters in the state to elect more than one. Indeed it is a fact that a first class republican ticket, satisfactory to both republican factions, could be elected over Mr. Pattison, the democratic candidate, only by hard work. No party can breed a quarrel like that which Mr. Cameron's management has caused in Pennsylvania and not lose strength by it. In addition to this, there is Mr. Pattison's independent reform record, and the fact that thousands of republicans in Philadelphia have voted for him as Controller, and have seen no cause for regretting it. What they have done once ther will find it easy to do again. It is absurd to say, therefore, that General Beaver has any chance of being elected. He could not be if the independent ticket were out of the field. He simply blocks the way.

Organized Operations of Burglars.

Williamsport, September 11—There is an organized band of burglars operating in this section of the state. A few nights since a safe in the store of E. R. Weed & Co, at Trout Run, was blown open, but the burglars failed to get any large amount of money. One night last week the safe in the store of Charles Coryell, at Pennfield, Clearfield county, was blown open by gunpowder and $300 secured and carried off. Last night burglars gained entrance into the store of Charles Harris, at Waterville Lycoming county, and carried off a lot of gold and silver watches, revolvers, razors, a dozen pairs of trousers and a lot of other clothing. They had piled a lot of clothing around the safe, evidently for the purpose of deadening the sound of an explosion, but before the safe could be drilled they were frightened away.

September 13.—Burglars are still at work in the small towns in this part of the State. Last night the store of S H. Burrows, at Picture Rocks, was entered by the use of tools obtained from a neighboring blacksmith shop, but nothing of any value was carried off. The thieves then proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Burrows, which they entered, but not finding any valuables they quietly retired. The jewelry store of Clinton Molyneaux was next broken into, where twelve dollars in silver were found and carried off. They might have secured some valuable jewelry, but as they seemed to be in search of money only they passed it by or else they were frightened off before they had time to appropriate it. The frequency of burglaries and the blowing open of safes in the rural districts is causing considerable alarm, and persons having money and valuables are taking steps to place them where they will be safe.

If Cameron and his henchmen had been within hearing distance at the big Independent meeting in Philadelphia on Friday evening they might have heard something drop.

Gen. Beaver might found at least a *few* Independents in Philadelphia last Friday evening, even without the aid of a search warrent.

Pattison and Beaver are both expected to be present at the Berks county fair next Thursday.

THE CHEAPEST CAMPAIGN PAPER IN THE STATE.

The Daily Patriot will be sent to single subscribers until the tenth of November next, at the rate of $1.25 per copy; to clubs of five and upwards at the rate of $1.00 per copy. The Weekly Patriot will be sent until the week after the election at the following rates; Single copy, 40 cents; club of five 35 cents per copy; club of ten 30 cents per copy; club of twenty 25 cents per copy; club fo fifty 20 cents per copy.

The campaign will be exceedingly interesting, and every citizen should be posted on its issues and events. Send in your orders. Address

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.,
Harrisburg, Pa

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY NOTICE.—A red heifer, aged about one year, with hole in right ear, came to the premises of the subscriber in Miles township, on or about the 15th day of Aug. last. The owner is requested to pay charges and take the same away.

William Kreamer, 2m.

Executor's notice.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Mary Mark, late of Millheim deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement.

C. Alexander,
Penn township, Executor.
Sept. 7th, 188. 6t

Administrator's notice.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Grimm, late of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for settlement

Reuben Grimm,
Madisonburg, Aug 17th 1882 Administrator. 6t

Administrators' notice.—Letters of administration on the estate of George Harter, late of the Borough of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

G. W. Harter, Penn township,
Micheal S. Fiedler, Haines township } Administrators.
Aug. 10th, 1882. 6t.

Executors' notice.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Hosterman, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement. We have appointed Saturday August 12th as a day of settlement, at the late residence of the deceased.

Thomas W. Hosterman,
Charles W. Hosterman,
Woodward. July 27 1882. Executors 6

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.	7 P. M.	9 P. M.
Montandon	7 05	9.40	2.05	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg	7.25	10 05	2.20		
Fair Ground	7.30	10.13	2.25		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.35		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.35	2.40		
Mifflinburg	8.00	ar 11.00	ar 2.55		
			le. 3 05		
Millmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Wiker Run	8.57		4.06		
Cherry Run	9.15		4.25		
Fowler	9.35		4.47		
Coburn	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills	ar 10.15		ar. 5.30		

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A. M.		P. M.	
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn		6 18		2.20	
Fowler		6.28		2.33	
Cherry Run		6.48		2.55	
Wiker Run		7.05		3.15	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Millmont		7.40		3.52	
			A. M.		
Mifflinburg		8.00	11.45	4.15	
			P. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.33	4.48	P. M.
Lewisburg	6.35	8.45	12.50	5.10	7.20
Montandon	ar. 6.45	ar. 9.00	ar 1.05	ar. 5.20	ar 7.40

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 3 and 4 with Sea Shore Express East; 5 and 6 with Day Express and Niagara Express West; 7 and 8 with Fast Line West; 9 and 10 with Williamsport Accommodation East.

Official Announcement.

Change of Time on Phila. & Erie R. R.

JUNE 5, 1882.

Sea Shore Express leaves Montandon at 9.07 A. M., stopping at intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg 11.40 A. M., Philadelphia 3.20 P. M., New York 6.25 P. M., making close connection at Philadelphia for all sea shore points.

Day Express leaves Montandon at 1.30 P. M., stopping at principal stations, arriving at Harrisburg 5.55 P. M., Philadelphia 7.35 P. M., New York 10.35 P. M., Baltimore 7.30 P. M., Washington 8.47 P. M. Parlor Car through to Philadelphia.

Williamsport Accommodation leaves Montandon at 7.48 P. M., stopping at intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg 10.25, Philadelphia 2.55 A. M., New York 6.15 A. M. Sleeping car accommodations can be secured on this train at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 A. M.

Erie Mail and Fast Line East will be consolidated into one train, leaving Montandon at 1.39 A. M., stopping at principal stations, arriving at Harrisburg 4.05 A. M., Philadelphia 7 20 A. M., New York 10.25 A. M., Baltimore 7.40 A. M. Washington 9.02 A. M. Through sleeping cars will be run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

WESTWARD.

Erie Mail leaves Montandon at 6.52 A. M., for Erie and intermediate points, Canandaigua and intermediate points.

Niagara Express leaves Montandon at 3.00 P. M., for Kane and intermediate points, Canandaigua and intermediate points.

Fast Line leaves Montandon at 5.50 P. M., for Lock Haven and intermediate points, Watkins and intermediate points.

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THE OLD RELIABLE PLACE.

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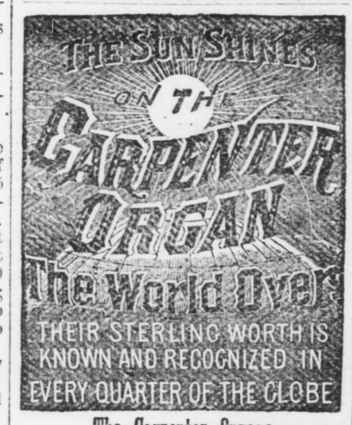
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MORE

NEW GOODS!

FOR THE SUMMER OF 1882.

Fourth Stock Just Arriving for the Spring and Summer at the

Bee Hive

Lock Haven, Pa.

And we can safely say at prices that will suit everyone. Cotton Good have never been as cheap as now. On account of the cold and backward Spring New York and Philadelphia jobbers over-loaded themselves in the early part of the season, and are now willing to sell their goods at a loss rather than carry them over the season. We took advantage of these bargains and are now prepared to sell you goods lower than you ever bought them. We will give you a list of a few of the

GREAT BARGAINS!

All Prints in Standard makes, such as Cocheco, Pacific and Merrimac Prints 6¼ cents, never sold lower than 8 cents. Dress Ginghams in a beautiful line of colors, 8 cents, former price 12½ cents. 33 inch Percales 8 cents, former price 12½ cents. 4-4 Hill Muslin, bleached, 8½ cents, together with a full line of Seersuckers, French Ginghams, Lawns in Cotton and Linen, Unbleached Muslins, Crashes, Tickings, Table Linens and all other Domestic Goods at prices in proportion to those just mentioned. In

DRESS GOODS

We have some bargains to offer. The best thing we have now for the money is an all-wool-filling CASHMERE at 8 cents; they are in medium and light shades only, but the former price on them has been 12½ cents; at 8 cents they are better to buy than Calico. Remember they are half wool.

Buntings in all shades at 12½ cents.
Buntings all wool at 20 and 25 cents.
Buntings in a little better grade at 35 cents.
Buntings in double width, fine, all-wool at 75 cents.

Another Lot of Summer Silks

These goods are scarce, but we have the styles now better than at any time this season and prices are equally as low; together with these we have all the new things in Summer Dress Goods in all the new shades. Large line of Plain and Colored Silks, best goods $1.25; lowest price 47½ cents. We still have a big trade on our $1.00 Black Silk, the best in the city for the money.

NUN'S VEILINGS

You have heard a great deal about this fabric no doubt. We have all the desirable light shades such as pink, light blue, cream and white. Fringes and Passementeries have had their day; laces are the rage now. Spanish and Spanish Gimpure—these we can not give prices on here as there are so many qualities and widths, but they start at 25 cents and go to $1.50 per yard; in the fine goods we have 2 and in some patterns 3 widths. We can tell you better about them when you come to see them; we do not ask you to buy if prices are not as low and varieties greater than any other place in town.

WHITE LINEN DeINDIES

With as fine a line of Embroideries in match goods ever brought to this city; it is worth your time to come in if for nothing else than to see them; we will take great pleasure in showing them together with the above named goods We have all the new things in

Kid and Lisle Thread Gloves, Lace Collars Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs Lace Mitts, Etc.

dies' White Kid Gloves (Foster Pattern), in 10 hooks; sizes from 5½ to 8. Still a few more

CARPETS,

we carry Brussels left at 55, 87½ and 95c. We have given you a list of the goods In and will guarantee prices as low as you ever bought them.

B.—10,000 pounds Wool wanted in exchange or for cash.

J. F. EVERETT & CO.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21., 1882.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Perry county had a slight frost already.

—J. W. Stam is selling out at cost in order to close business.

—North street is now pretty well supplied with side walks and crossings.

—A good town property at private sale. Inquire at this office. tf.

—The Presbyterians of Bellefonte contemplate erecting a Sunday School building at a cost of $10,000.

—J. W. Snook is rapidly reducing his large stock of goods by selling at cost.

—Squire Wilt and lady have left for Franklin, Pa., on a visit to their son and other friends.

—They have an *Odontological Society* in western Pennsylvania. What is it good for ?

—Kamp, the enterprising boot and shoe dealer in Lock Haven, has just received a large stock of boots, shoes and rubbers.

—Rosser Brothers are about erecting a new axe factory at Mill Hall. Wish somebody would persuade them to bring it to Millheim.

—Jeremiah Haines, executor, will sell the estate of Geo. Weight, deceased, about five miles east of Rebersburg, on Saturday, Oct. 7th, next.

—The weather still continues very warm for the season. Not the slightest sign is yet visible of the approaching "melancholy days."

—The time of the year is drawing close when overcoats, coal, supplies of meat, potatoes and other winter necessaries are seriously to bethought of.

—Land brings good prices in Buffalo Valley. Judge Simonton recently sold his farm in Buffalo township for $165 per acre.

—A fine line of Family and Presentation Bibles, Photograph and Autograph Albums, fine Stationary, &c, just received at the Journal Store.

—H. Clymer Musser, son of D. A. Musser, has left the parental home for a time and is now enrolled as a student at the University of Lewisburg.

—Our council met on Monday evening and voted the construction of a number of sidewalks by property owners, of which they will all have due notice.

—Mr. John Klinefelter left Madisonburg with his family on Monday and removed to Millheim. Mr. Klinefelter is an excellent painter and an industrious man.

—Ampon Moyer, a little son of Mrs. Samuel H. Moyer, of Aaronsburg, broke his arm last Thursday while playing "show" with some of his companions.

—The corn crop throughout this neighborhood will be very much better than last year. Many of the fields appear excellent while others are not so good.

—If any of our farmer patrons have a barrel or two of good, fresh cider to spare we would be ever so much obliged to have it. Nor are we overly particular as to the price—so we can pay it in JOURNALS. Now just please don't all speak at once. tf

—Samuel Lewin, of the Mammoth Philadelphia Branch Clothing House, has just returned from the city with a very large and entirely new stock of clothing. He has a finer line of clothing than ever before handled in Bellefonte. Don't fail to give him a call.

Inventors and Patentees.

should send for instructions, reasonable terms, references, &c., to Edson Brothers, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C. who furnish the same *without charge*. Edson Brothers is a well-known and successful firm of large experience, having been established in 1866. tf

NOTICE.—Subscribers to the Lutheran church at Millheim who have not paid their subscriptions are most kindly requested to do so. The amounts are long overdue and the money is much needed. Friends help us along.

JOHN TOMLINSON,
JONATHAN HARTER,
B. O. DEININGER,
Finance Committee.

A Temperance Prize for Sunday Schools.

At the recent Convention of *The Centre County Sunday School Association*, a gentleman whose name is withheld for the present, offered five dollars in gold to the Sunday school scholar in Centre county, sixteen years of age or under, who shall prepare the best original paper of not more than one thousand words on the subject of Temperance, provided that there be not less than three competitors. The name and post office address of the competitor should be enclosed in a sealed envelope to accompany the paper.

The papers must be forwarded by Dec. 15th, 1882, to the undersigned.

R. CRITTENDEN,
Chairman Ex. Com., C. C. S. S. A.

P. S.—Committee will endeavor to secure prizes for the second and third best.

—The Lewisburg *Local News* thinks that "The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* has never occupied a very high position for intellectuality or refinement." Now what does the *Telegraph* think of the News. Probably the contempt is mutual.

—We learn that a Sunday School picnic will be held in Evert's woods, near Coburn, next Saturday, at which four or five schools will be present. The Millheim and Woodward Bands will furnish the music. We have not heard who the speakers are or what the special exercises will be, but suggest that all go to see and hear for themselves.

—Our school board has engaged the following teachers for the coming winter term, which begins Oct. 23rd. All are practical teachers and come with good certificates and otherwise well recommended. The board herein did its duty well and it is to be hoped that our citizens will properly support both the board and the teachers in their efforts to improve and elevate our schools.

Grammar School—W. G. Morrison, of Port Matilda; *Primary*—Mary E. Strohm, resident; *North Street*—B. F. Edmonds, Aaronsburg.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Bellefonte have commenced publishing a neat little monthly called *The Record*, the first number of which is before us. It is small but first class, both as to matter and form. The Association is an active, live institution and no doubt is a means of doing much good. Its rooms are supplied with four daily papers, two semi-weeklies, twenty-six weeklies and thirteen monthly papers and magazines, besides a library of five hundred volumes, accommodations for writing, &c. A flourishing Boys' Branch is also connected with the Association.

—We had the pleasure of spending Saturday and Sunday among friends in Mifflinburg and enjoyed the visit very much. Of course we hunted up and shook hands with all former Millheimers and Centre countyans and found them all well and happy. We met the Reighards, John Sankey, Samuel J. Weiser, J. Wilson Barber, Uncle Sam Schoch, John Gutelius, Mrs. George Spyker, Minadore Schware, Geo. W. Foote, Wm. K. Forster and John F. Chambers. Others were away from home, and we felt sorry that our old friend S. P. Snyder was among the latter.

Mifflinburg is really a fine town, has a most beautiful location, and is surrounded by one of the richest farming districts in the state. The view from the hill south of town is simply delightful beyond description. We can never get enough of that *Schoene Aussicht*, and enjoyed it with increased pleasure again and again.

Mifflinburg has a very decided moral and religious tone. Five good churches and as many congregations and Sunday Schools—Reformed, Methodist, Lutheran and two Presbyterian—mostly seem to be well attended and in a flourishing condition.

Although not a manufacturing town Mifflinburg does considerable trade in mercantile and mechanical lines. Every department of merchandise is well represented, every ordinary need is fully supplied. Altogether Mifflinburg is a good place to stay, permanently or for a few days only.

Read, Mark and Learn !

That a fine, enclosed Picnic Ground, with every convenience, Swings, Croquet Ground, Quoits, Pavillion, and a Fine Spring of pure water with plenty of shade, has now been completed at Spring Mills. Societies, Clubs, Lodges and all respectable parties will be accommodated on reasonable terms. Carriages and tickets to the celebrated Penn Caves at moderate rates. Address

GEO. B. NASH,
3m Spring Mills House.

The Farmers' Friend.

Published at South Bend, Indiana. Terms only fifty cents a year. Circulation 32,000. The largest and best agricultural paper in the country. Eight large pages, 48 columns, few advertisements and almost double the reading matter given by the $1.50 and $2 agricultural papers but we send it to you for 50 cents a year. Premiums to every subscriber, premiums to club raisers and 252 splendid presents given them in addition, consisting of a $170 New Birdsell Clover Huller, complete, including recleaning attachment, which cleans the seed as threshed; a $65 Cassaday Sulky Plow; a $65 Studebaker Farm Wagon; Oliver Chilled Plows, Sewing Machine, Silverware, etc. Some of the departments of the *Farmers' Friend* are "Farm Topics" "The Orchard," "Live Stock," "The Poultry Yard," "Home and Health," "Domestic Economy," "Young Folks," "The Puzzler," "The Story Teller," "The Funny Place," "Sunday Reading," "The Clover Leaf," "The Apiary," "Letter Basket," "Various Topics," "Correspondence," "Hints for the Season," "World' Record," etc. Practical farmers and the best writers contribute to it. Agents make money canvassing for it. Any subscriber authorized to act as agent. Send 50 cents for a years subscription, or write your name and those of your neighbors on a postal card for free sample copies and our Illustrated Premium List. Address, Farmers' Friend Pub. Co., South Bend, Ind.

RECORDS OF THE WAR.—Governor Curtin, our representative in congress says :

The Act of Congress of the 7th of August, 1882, provides for the publication and distribution of the Records of the War. Each Congressional District will be entitled to twenty sets of the books, to be delivered as printed. It ill be several years before the series is completed, and the designation should be made as soon as possible.

I propose to designate the Central Post, of the G. A. R., in any county of the district, and will be obliged if reports are made to me as early as convenient.

Theodore Rupert, of Centre county, came across a den of rattlesnakes on Monday. He threw a large stone among them and killed thirty seven.

This ought to wind up the snake stories for the season.

News Miscellany.

John Beatty, of Bradford, was shot in the leg by a tramp, on Monday, whom he had refused food. Citizens are in pursuit of the assailant.

Middleburg, Snyder coonty, boasts of Elm tree that measures 7½ feet in diameter. It is not stated to what political party the big tree holds. Likely it is independent.

On Friday night the 8th inst., during a heavy thunderstorm a meteor weighing one pound and eleven ounces fell in the middle of the principal street of Lebanon.

Frank L. Stewart, living near Murraysville, Westmoreland county, claims to have discovered a process for manufacturing sugar from cornstalks at a cost of two cents a pound.

The Schuykill county Poorhouse expenditures aggregate $90,000 a year and consume more than one-half of the county tax. Of this total $50,000 goes for out-door relief.

Two mormon missionaries, who have been trying to make converts to their faith in York county, have been requested to leave at once or they will be roughly handled.

An eagle attacked a boy named Funk at Johnstown on Tuesday, and a vigorous battle ensued before the bird was mastered. It measures six feet two inches from tip to tip of each wing.

Isaac Yarnell, of Delaware county quarrelled with his wife over forty years ago, and vowed he would not speak to her. The vow was kept up to the day of his death. The daughters have now taken sides in the matter, and the feud is continued. They live in the same house, eat at the same table and never speak to each other.

On a Spree for Four Years.

NEW YORK, September 11.—Mrs. Charles S. Carter sues a Brooklyn saloon-keeper for $35,000 damages for having caused her husband to become an habitual drunkard. The latter received $17,000 damages for injuries sustained in the Ashtabula disaster and has been on a spree for four years.

Imprisoned for Ninety-nine Years.

ANNA, Ill., September 11.—The special jury has retured a verdict of ninety-nine years in the penitentiary against Samues Hazel, who brutally murdered his five-year-old child.

The Clarion Court House Burned.

CLARION, Pa, September 12.—The Court House at this place was destroyed by fire this morning. The records were saved. The loss is fully covered by an insurance of $31,000, distributed among several companies.

THE "WILD MAN" DEAD.

Benjamin Zechler, Penned Up for Twenty-seven Years, Dies in an Almshouse.

READING, September 5.—Benjamin Zechler, who was discovered over a year ago in a log cabin eight feet square on the Blue mountains, in Albany township, Berks county, naked and covered with filth, and his hair and beard several feet long, died at the county almshouse to-day, aged about forty-five years. He has been penned up twenty-seven years by his brother in the little building that contained no light or place for ventilation, excepting a small hole through which food was thrown in. He never spoke an intelligible word, and his appearance was that of a wild man. Owing to being unclothed, the hair grew quite thick and long on his body and limbs.

Major Phipps the Defaulting Manager Arrested.

HAMILTON, September 18.—Manager Phipps, the defaulting superintendent of the Philadelphia almshouse, was arrested at Dominion hotel to-night. He was here charged with forgery of Comptrollers' warrants, and will be brought before the county judge in the morning. He is accompanied by his wife. They have been two weeks in the city and passed as J. D. Thompson and wife. Phipps has engaged a counsel and will resist extradition proceedings.

Eliza Pinkston in Jail in Mississippi.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eliza Pinkston, who cut such a prominent figure before the committee of "visiting statesmen" with Radical proclivities who were in New Orleans in the spring of 1876 for the purpose of making out a case against the people of Louisiana, has come to grief, as we learn from the Canton, Miss., papers that she was arraigned, with a lot of other thieves, on a charge of robbing, before Mayor Thomas, of that town, and placed in jail to await the meeting of the Circuit Court. "Mrs. Pinkston" is in a bad scrape and she wants her Republican friends to come to her relief immediately.

SWINDLED OUT OF $3,000.

A Wealthy Dunkard Falls a Victim to Two Circus Sharpers.

MYERSDALE, Pa., September 10.

Jacob Livengood, a wealthy Dunkard, about eighty years old, who lives retired upon his farm, near Salisbury, six miles from this place, was swindled out of $3,000 a day or two ago by a gang of sharpers traveling with M. M. Hillard's "Great Pacific Equiscurriculum," which showed in Salisbury that day. The two principle swindlers claimed to be Rev. William Miller, a Lutheran clergyman, from Uniontown who was attending a church meeting in the neighborhood, and Judge Wilson, of Lancaster county, formerly on the Supreme Bench, now a candidate for the United States Senate. The old gentleman trusted to his distinguished companions and went with them to the show to see a peculiar curly-haired horse which was said to be there. They took him into an annex and introduced him to a little lottery game they were working. The self-styled clergyman suggested that it might be utilized for the benefit of the church as a scientific modification of the well-worn grab-bag device, and offered to take an interest in it, putting up $3,000 for his share. The old farmer drove to Myersdale with the preacher, drew $3,000 out of the bank and was scarcely back at the tent before one of the gang had the money. The clergyman shed copious tears at his friend's loss and the old farmer was so agitated that he could give no connected account of the affair until last night. Officers are in pursuit of the swindler, who have probably gone over the southern border.

LATER. 'Judge' Wilson, who swindled Farmer Livengood, of Myersdale, Somerset county, out of $3,000 on Thursday last, was arrested in Fayette county on Monday. In order to secure his release the bogus judge disclosed his accomplices, and all the money, with $400 added for expenses, was refunded.

DIED.

Mrs. Margaret Weaver departed this life on the 17th of September, 1882, aged 80 years, 5 months and 13 days.

The deceased was born in Penn township, Union county, Pa., and was received into communion with the Reformed Church by confirmation, under the pastorate of the Rev. Isaac Gerhart of blessed memory. In the year 1828 she was united in matrimony to Mr. George Weaver, of Haines township, who preceded her into the eternal world September 11th, 1852. The latter years of her life she spent with her only daughter, Mrs. Major J. B. Fisher, of Penn Hall, where she received that constant and tender care which proceeds from a true filial affection. The funeral services took place at the Salem's Reformed Church on the 19th and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and sympathizing friends.

That mother Weaver was a member of the church is not the best thing that can be said of her; but what is better, she was a *consistent* member, an earnest christian, whose life and conversation said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Z. A. Y.

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 19th inst., at the residence of Mr. Daniel P. Rishel, Spring Bank, by Rev. Noah Young, Mr. Jasper W. Stover, of Millheim, to Miss Hattie T. Lauch, of Spring Bank.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat, old	1.00
" new, No. 2	90
" No. 3	75
Corn	90
Rye	80
Oats White	40
Buckwheat	
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25 00
Salt, per Bri	1.75
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Timothyseed	1.75
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	25
Hams	16
Sides	12
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	24
Potatoes	30
Lard	15
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.00
Stove "	5.20
Chestnut "	4.80
Pea	3.50
Pea by the car load	3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

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and will give prompt attention to all medical calls at his office on

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PROPRIETORS,

would most respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture everything in their line of first class quality. They have found a superior kind of clay and will constantly keep on hand a full line of

CROCKERY, BREAD & PIE DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOWER POTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.

ysHoping to merit the confidence of the public qa furnishing the best grade of ware they would epectfully solicit a share of its patronage. 1y

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AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES of the undersigned who is a practical Slate Roofer of many years experience Those in want of Slate and Roofing done can secure it

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Per month	20 00

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224 Market St.,

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HAVE NO COMPETITORS.

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Arrive during this week.

Sp ce will not admit what Bargains we have got. Su fficient t say, with our increased business facilities our patrons will always find the Largest and Best Assortment of

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All The laest Designs

in Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Ebony. We make a

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and will sell them lower than any Party in the state. Prices ranging FROM $30 TO $500. If you contemplate buying a

PIANO, ORGAN OR SEWING MACHINE,

it will pay you to write us for prices. We also carry a large line of extra Super, Body and Tapesty Brussels Carpets.

Good Brussels Carpet at 70 cts. per yard.

Our stock of Plain, Cut and Engraved Table Glass-ware, Plain and Decorated French China, Silver Plated-ware, Lamps and Chandeliers, &c.

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LOW PRICES DO IT.

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In the Camp.

On the Delta of the Nile, the English and Egyptian camps are now facing each other. The Egyptians, should they be defeated, have Cairo and the Libyan Desert to fly to; the British, with Alexandria, moreover, which is covered by the guns of one of the strongest fleets that ever went forth to do battle with an antagonist—have a tolerably secure place of retreat in the event of any disaster befalling their arms. The routine of the British soldier's life in the time of warfare is similar to that of the American. In the morning he must fall into the ranks at bugle call and answer to his name; later he has to take his turn at guard or picket duty; he may have to fall into a patrolling party or take part in a reconnoissance; then, when he has nothing more to do, he may lounge about among the tents, smoking his clay pipe or chatting with a comrade. The scene differs strangely in the camp of the Egyptians. There the majority of the soldiers are dressed in a mongrel European fashion, with the tarboosh or fez as the most conspicuous national characteristic of their uniform; but there is a minority whose picturesque costumes are distinctly Oriental. The Bedouin, with his gaudily colored handkerchief wrapped about his head, leaving ends that float upon his shoulders, his long white, mantle-like garments, and his sandalled feet; the Soudanese, with white turbans, flowing raiment and baggy trousers; the Abyssinian adventurer, who dresses as he pleases, much as his brother the Nubian does—all form a singular contrast with the quietly uniformed soldiers of the "regular" force. On the eve of battle these soldiers show a different scene in camp from that which their antagonists present. Sitting cross-legged in front of their tents, which are but pieces of thin canvas stretched on cross-sticks, and are so low that their occupants have to enter them by crawling, they assemble in groups and pass around the chilbouque or narghileh, the bubbling sound of which as the smoke passes through the water is almost the only sound that is heard except the neighing or the stamping of the horses that are picketed by the heels behind the camp's irregular lines.

An officer gallops along and warns them to be ready. They rise hastily to their feet, crawl into their tents for their weapons and hustle up together before they finally fall into line. But they do it all with very little noise. It is possible to find not a noisy but a hilarious group; but this is generally where a chosen few of the black faced and laughter loving faithful from the Soudan have surrounded a story-teller, whose narrations of the deeds of genii or the merry tricks among mortals of lesser supernatural worthless alternately excite their deep-voiced wonder or their spontaneous, child-like mirth. A British soldier seeing an Arab or Egyptian camp, and noting the recumbent position and social manner of the majority of its occupants, might imagine that such people as these had no energy for fighting—but he would be egregiously mistaken. A French traveler, who recently closely observed the Egyptian army and all its incongruous elements of pure *fellaheen*, Copts, Berbers, Nubians, Western Christians, Turks, Abyssinians, came to this conclusion:—They are admirably trained, drilled and disciplined under the supervision of an exceedingly able staff of American and other foreign officers, and the result is that a finer looking soldier than a Egptian soldier can be seen nowhere. "Such is a brief sketch of the troops that are now waiting." Arabi's men are strongly posted in the vicinity of Ramleh; but his strongest position is on the narrow neck of land which stretches from the Aboukir Lake to the northern verge of Lake Mareotis. With a broad country behind him, a railway and plenty of water in the Mahmovdieh Canal, Arabi Bey ought to be able to make a stubborn resistance to any British force attempting to move along the neck and drive him from his position. A conspicuous feature of that neck of land is that it is filled with marsh ground, which will seriously interfere with the free movements both of British cavalry and artillery. The ground Arabi has chosen is, on the contrary, firm enough to permit of very effecting manœuring.

Rivaling Electricity.

The following is a description of a newly-invented gas burner which is intended, and it is said promises, to compete to some extent with the electric lamp. There was a time, when the gas companies had their own sweet will with the public, who were forced to deal with them, consume whatever quality of gas they might furnish, and pay pretty nearly what they saw fit to charge. Latterly, however, the condition of affairs has undergone a change the electric light proving a much more formidable competitor of the gas companies than the latter ever anticipated. The future of the electric light has, in fact, become so promising that the gas manufacturers have cause for serious a arm, and some of them are casting about for some means whereby they may cope with the dangerous rival. The burner before spoken of is the result of this demand for something more efficient and cheaper than the old form. The invention, which has been introduced lately in London with so great a measure of success that the inventors have obtained the privilege of using the system in one of the prominent thoroughfares of the city, is described as somewhat similar to the ordinary burner, with a gauze cap over it. It consists of two pipes—one for supply of air, at a pressure sufficient to balance a six-inch column of water, and the other for the gas, which is conducted from the meter in the ordinary way. On the top of the burner is a cap about two inches high and half an inch in diameter, formed of platinum wire gauze of very fine mesh. The air under pressure is delivered from an inner tube, opening into a larger one near the top of the burner, with an opening at its lower end. When the air is turned on an induced upward current is produced, and gas being admitted at the same time, the two combined and pass into the platinum cap. When the mixture of gas and air is ignited the cap in a few seconds gives forth a brilliant incandescent glow of high illuminating power. The essential feature of the burner seems to have been suggested by the incandescent electric lamp. The light is described as of great penetrative power and, unlike its rival, is said to be very steady. The amount of light obtained in one experiment appears to be double that thrown out by the best Argand burner, both consuming the same quantity of gas. The heat is but moderate, and the combustion so perfect that when a polished silver plate was held over the burner it remained untarnished. Should this new lamp as successful as those interested in it anticipate, it will give the gas companies a new lease of life and additional strength to compete with their rivals.

Strutt, an English authority on games and amusements, speaks of a Yorkshire jumper, named Ireland, whose powers were marvelous He was six feet high, and at the age of 18 leaped, without the aid of a spring board, over nine horses ranged side by side.

AGRICULTURE,

Driving Cows.—There is one practice almost universally in use which is unprofitable and cruel. It is for a man or boy to take a horse to drive milk cows to and from the pasture. A horse walks much faster than a cow whose udder is distended and heavily loaded with four or five gallons of milk. And yet we are pained every day to see town boys (some of them pretty old for that term) hurrying a cow, in this condition, along at a dog trot, and, on her falling to keep out of the horse's way, to receive a cut from a villianous whip. And there is scarcely an evening but that we see a family cow brought home from the pasture with a horse at full trot. And this is only what can be seen almost anywhere. Before boys got too lazy, or before mothers thought it disgraceful for their sons to walk, a horse was not used for such a purpose. The boys were taught to drive the cows quietly and slowly, and especially in the evening, when the cow is carrying her precious load to feed the family. But the cruel and unmerciful way this business is done now, it will be strange if judgments are not visited on the families that permit such things. It will, and does, come in rendering the cow almost worthless. And in many cases the cow is entirely ruined. The judgment comes to the family in using unhealthy milk by injuring the udder, and sometimes overheating the cow. When children are weak or sickly where there is a cow belonging to the family, it may be attributed in many cases to unnecessary cruelty to the animal by rash drivers. There should be no complaining, for judgments frequently come in that way as the necessary results of bad conduct. We have no doubt that many cases of sickness, and some deaths are caused by this inhuman practice, and there ought to be more. A boy who will be thus cruel to the kind and faithful family cow, will be a cruel man, dangerous to society, and the sooner he is removed from the evil to come the better. And in such cases the tears of the parents should be few.

Use of the Hand Hoe.—With the introduction of the horse-cultivator the hand-hoe went out of use on most Western farms. More work could be done with the cultivator, and it could be done with greater ease. The more the cultivator was improved the more farmers became attached to it, and the greater was their reluctance to handle the hoe. At present the implement that has been used longer and to better advantage than any other in the cultivation of crops is generally discarded on Western farms. Indeed, many market gardeners manage to raise most of their vegetables without using the hoe to any considerable extent. The horse cultivator is certainly a very desirable implement to employ in both the field and the garden, but its use should be supplemented by that of the hand-hoe. It is profitable to continue the use of the hoe in every garden and cultivated field. Work can be performed with it that can not be done with any implement drawn by a horse. The hoe should be used in every corn and potato field before the cultivator is put into operation. It should be employed to remove stones, turfs and pieces of hard earth that may be over the plants that are making their appearance above ground, and for stirring the soil around them. The cultivator is excellent for working the ground between hills, but for cultivating the hill itself there is no implement like the hand-hoe. It is very difficult to keep a field devoted to any cultivated crop entirely clear of grass and weeds without using the hoe. A field that has been worked at least once with a hand hoe is always more productive than one that has been tended with the cultivator alone. The truth is, the former performs some work which the latter cannot do.

Potting Mould.—There is one infallible method of treating potting mould it suspected of containing vermin of any kind—that is, to fill the pots the day before they are to be used, and water the soil in them with boiling water. Scald also as much as you will require for filling in. Next day it will be none too moist to work with, and there will not be a live creature in it. Do not mix coal ashes with your potting mould, that is just the way to spoil it. Earth-worms are not the enemies you suppose them to be, and they should not be ruthlessly destroyed, they are appointed by nature to ventilate the subsoil by boring in it channels for the admission of air. They may be ejected from your pots or from the lawn when they have become troublesome by means of lime water; the remedy at the same time will benefit the plants.

Young chicks are sometimes troubled with a disease that, for lack of a better name, we call indigestion. They lose their appetite, 'bake up behind," mope around and die. It is caused by feeding sour, uncooked food, lack of gravel and green food. The preventives are obvious. Feed only cooked food, provide gravel and plenty of green food. Onion tops or lettuce chopped and mixed with the soft food is excellent for young chicks and turkeys. Sometimes a cure can be effected in the early stages of this disease by giving a half teaspoonful of croton oil or tincture of rhubarb, and then feeding for a few days on cooked rice or stale bread soaked in milk and seasoned with pepper. A little pulverized charcoal added to the food twice a week tends to keep the digestive organs of young fowls in good order.

To make an oilcloth wagon cover, proceed as follows: Take thick cloth, as tent cloth or sail cloth, and give it two coats on each side of the following composition: Linseed-oil, one gallon; dried sulphate of zinc and sugar of lead, each three ounces; litharge, eight ounces: boil with constant stirring until it drops in strings; then cool slowly, and pour off the clear part, if too thick thin it with boiled oil. This varnish is flexible and can be folded or rolled.

Plants for Winter.—Remember that if plants are wanted for winter blooming it is well not to allow them to bloom much during the summer. During their growth at this season, the extremities of the shoots may be pinched in, to give them a proper form, and only a small portion of the flower-buds that are produced should be allowed to bloom—the others should be removed. The result in autumn will be handsomely-formed and vigorous plants, ready for blooming during the winter.

As it is bad policy to keep land uncovered by vegetation, as soon as one crop is plowed under another should be planted. If the land can be plowed in September without much cost, a crop of buckwheat may be grown, to be followed with winter rye, which can be plowed under in the spring and followed with potatoes; if the plowing is to cost too much, then sow the rye in July, and thus keep the land covered with growing vegetation, which is very important in our climate.

An English scientific journal says that oxalic acid promotes the sprouting of seeds so that seeds forty years old will germinate by its application. The method is to soak the seeds one or two days in a solution of oxalic acid till they commence to open out, when they are taken out and planted. Will one of our readers try it on some old seeds, and report?

DOMESTIC.

The following rules, if strictly followed, will stimulate and promote the growth of hair, so long as the hair follicles have not lost their vitality: Keep the scalp scrupulously clean, and particularly free from dandruff. Brush the scalp dairy with a moderately stiff brush without using too much friction. Wash the head occasionally with soap and water, to remove fatty substances which have become acid. Keep the head cool and do not unnecessarily keep it covered in doors, particularly in warm rooms. Keep the skin of the scalp soft, pliable and faintly moist, if not naturally so, by the judicious application of some bland substance as vaseline, castor oil or almond oil, all of which may be perfumed.

The following simple method of keeping ice water a long time in a common pitcher is worth knowing. Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better) a layer of cotton batting, about half an inch in thickness, fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stove-pipe minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table, so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished at the length of time this ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice is melted.

Cup Plum Pudding.—One cup each of raisins, currants, flour, bread crumbs, suet and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the suet and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of cut candied peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt and ginger, say half teaspoonful of each; stir in four well-beaten eggs and milk enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loosely in a cloth or put in a mould; plunge in boiling water and boil for three and a half hours.

As flies this season of the year are very troublesome, and as troublesome things are not healthy things, we give a cheap and effective fly-paper recipe below: In a tin vessel melt one pound of resin, and then add about two fluid drachms of linseed oil. While the mixture is warm, dip a spatula into it, and spread what adheres to the blade on a sheet of foolscap paper and allow it to cool. When the mixture is found to be too hard for spreading add more oil; when too soft, add resin.

When Dr. Wheatley had a headache, he used to take off his coat, lay hold of the axe, and rush out of doors and belabor some old tree till he found himself in a profuse perspiration, when down went his axe and off went the old doctor as hard as he could tear to wrap himself up in his blankets, go to sleep, and wake as fresh as a four-year-old. Cheap medicine that, and good, too.

Bricks for Furnaces.—French steam engineers deprecate the use of any bricks for the construction of furnaces except bricks which are very closely pressed and refractory, and which are glazed or suitably varnished on the outside. Most of the bricks hitherto employed have been so porous as to admit a very undesirable quantity of air.

Pig's Foot Cheese.—Boil the hocks and feet of equal quantity loose in a pot till the meat will fall freely from the bones; season well with pepper and salt; put into a pan while hot and press it. Cut in slices and serve with vinegar or Worcester sauce.

To make a hard sauce to serve with hot pudding, beat together some butter and powdered sugar till it is as light as beating will make it. If the pudding is highly seasoned, it will not be necessary to flavor the sauce; put a tablespoonful of it on the top of each saucer of pudding; it will dissolve gradually.

Flannel Cakes Without Eggs.—Two cups Indian meal, two quarts milk, half cup yeast, flour for good batter, one pint boiling water; scald meal with the water, add the milk, if lumpy, strain, add flour and yeast; let stand till morning. If at all sour add soda.

Citron Pudding.—Line your dish with puff paste: slice thin, orange, lemon and citron peels, of each one ounce, six eggs (leaving out four whites) well beaten, quarter pound butter melted; which mix all well together, and pour into the dish; bake one hour and serve.

Marblehead Cakes.—Grate the crumbs of a stale loaf of bread, and sift out all the lumps. Stir in milk till a thick batter is formed. Beat eggs, allowing two to every pint of milk, till smooth, and add to the batter; add a little salt. Beat all well together, and bake one hour and serve.

Fried Apples.—Pare sound apples, slice them half an inch thick, remove the cores without breaking the slices, fry them in hot butter until tender, lay them in little piles with sugar and spice dusted over them, and serve them on slices of toast.

Clothes pins boiled a few moments and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more flexible and durable. Clothes lines will last longer and keep in better order for wash-day service, if occasionally treated in the same way.

Lady Cake.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, one and a half cups of sugar and half a cup of butter, heap two cups of flour and dissolve half a teacupful of soda in a cup of milk; put a teaspoonful of cream tartar dry in the flour; flavor with almond extract.

Sweet Potatoes.—Boil until a fork will go easily in the largest. Skin and lay in a bake pan in the oven a few minutes to dry. They are also very good to place in the meat pan with the roast and brown very lightly.

A palatable drink for fever patients is made by peeling and slicing some good tart apples, scattering white sugar over them and pouring boiling water over them. When cold pour off the water, and drink.

The London Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians have decided to offer annually three prizes for the best original papers on telegraphic or electric subjects sent in by any person not members of the council of the Society. The prizes will consist of scientific books or apparatus, the first prize having a value of £10 and the other two of £5 each. The first awards will be made for papers sent in before the end of May next.

Oysters can live twenty-four hours in an exhausted receiver. The flame of a candle goes out in one minute, charcoal in five minutes.

HUMOROUS.

"Oh, ma! yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted the other night, when he called to take Angie to the drill. He looked so nice sittin' 'long side of her with his arm—" "Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of the well-done crab, quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth. "Yer oughter seen him," said the persistent informer, after gaining his breath and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm——" 'Freddie!" shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempts to reach the boy's angular appendage she upset the contents of the teapot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Russian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons. "I was just going to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and a half-injured whine, "he had his arm——" "You boy," thundered the father, "away to the woodshed." And the boy made for the nearest exit, exclaiming as he waltzed, "I was only going to say that Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on; and I'll leave it to him if he hadn't!" And the boy was permitted to come back, and the remainder of the meal was spent in explanations from the family in regard to the number of times Freddie had to be talked to for using his fingers for a ladle.

A Voice from the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicines they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now. S. GILLILAND.
July 25, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa

A gentleman was going out one day in his carriage, to call with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, who had recently come into his service, to go to the mentlapiece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retaining the articles to be used as directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever the "not at home" occurred. As these times were very numerous, he turned to the servant with the question—

"How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir, said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs,"

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone."

A Protective Duty.

The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It imparts new vitality to the sick body and cures by eliminating obstructive matter.—*Democrat.*

A family living a few miles from Washington, Ga., were awakened on the night the engine house burned by the lady of the house, who happened to be awake, and saw the light. She awoke the other members of the household, and when they saw the flames and heard the thunder rolling one of them exclaimed, "Judgment day has come!" A few moments after the whistle at the new mill began to blow; then the other members of the family began to exclaim, "Yes, it is judgment day certain and that is Gabriel's horn." As long as the fire burned there was great consternation in that household, but finally things quieted down and the family felt in a measure relieved.

Asthma and Hay Fever.

The L. A. Knight Company, 697 Broadway, New York city, advertise to *send free* on application Knight's new treatise on "Asthma and Hay Fever—their Cause and Cure." It is ably written and contains a great many valuable suggestions to those who suffer from these distressing diseases. See testimonials of Knight's Asthma Cure in another column.

They had a good deal of trouble in a Montreal court, the other day, trying to swear in a Chinaman. He said he "believed" in anything; that he "no swearee at allee;" and he didn't swear on a saucer. When asked if he was a Buddhist, he answered: "Me no knowee what you say. What you talkee about?" In reply to the question, "What religion do you belong to?" he said, "State of Ohio," and was finally sworn by crossing his hands on his heart.

Pure cod liver oil from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

Chapped hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Under false colors: "Wife," said a New Haven man, impatiently, "why do you let that child run around to day so dirty, so much like a little monkey? I ran him in Neighbor Jones' yard just now, the worst-looking object I ever saw." "Was he over there, though?" was the responded inquiry. "Well, he'll pass for Mr. Jones' dirty brat so long as he is there. I'm not going to worry."

Everybody is pleased with the Improved Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It is as clear and limpid as spring water, and was originally intended by nature as a panacea for all diseases of the scalp and skin and as a natural hair renewer.

Happily twisted: When Sir George Rose was dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the very diminutive church in Langdale, of which his lordship was patron. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining-room." "No," returned Sir George, "and the living is not half so good,"

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaints peculiar to women. Cures Kidney troubles of either sex.

An Irish gentleman, having a small picture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you."

Why is the money you are in the habit of given to the poor like a new-born babe? Because it's precious little.

Vegetine.

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Vegetine
Is the great Blood-Purifier.

Vegetine
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

Vegetine
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

Vegetine
Has effected some marvelous cures in cases of Cancer.

Vegetine
Cures the worst cases of Canker.

Vegetine
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

Vegetine
Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

Vegetine
Is the great remedy for General Debility.

Vegetine
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world,

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
☞ If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT
Acts at the same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can exist long where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the **"INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE"** and no person or family should be without them.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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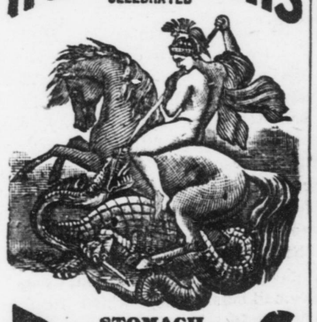
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BITTERS
For a quarter of a century or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF
ULCERS, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BOILS, SORE EYES, SCALD HEAD, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES AND MALARIA,
DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, FOR LOSS OF APPETITE, NAUSEA OF STOMACH AND INDIGESTION,
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
R. E. SELLERS & CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
"SELLERS LIVER PILLS" FOR LIVER COMPLAINT

Medical and Surgical Institute.

For the treatment of diseases of men *only*. Diseases of the generative organs recent or chronic, blood poison, pains in the flesh and bones, red spots, ulcers, strictures, kidneys and bladder, weakness, nervous and general debility, premature decay, mental and physical prostration, and other special diseases speedily and permanently cured. Patients may send a description of their symptoms, etc., and appropriate remedies with directions will be sent to any address,
DRS. J. W. GRINDLE and A. D. GREY,
Physicians and Surgeons,
171 West 12th Street, New York.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success, Insane Persons Restored.
DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. *Only sure cure for Fits, Epilepsy and Nerve Affections.*
Infallible if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying expressage. Send name, P. O. and express address to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. *Send no circular but druggists.*

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. Prof. MARTINEZ, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 30 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and look of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, psychologically predicted. Money returned to all not satisfied. Address Prof. F. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl., Boston, Mass.

Acts on account of Guiteau: "My dear," said Job Shuttle to his wife, "don't get excited, don't get excited. Keep cool, keep cool." 'I am keeping cool, I'm not excited; I tell you I don't care, I'm not. So there." "It's only your brain. You'll soon get over it." "Oh, Job Shuttle, you are enough to drive a woman crazy. I shall die—" "And I predict that your brain will show precentral and retrocentral fissures on each side, well defined and unconnected with other fissures, the inter-parietal fissure, on each side, in the transverse occipital, separated only by a slight bridge. The parieto-occipital will be marked on each side. The transverse occipital fissure on the right side ill-defined——" "Job Shuttle! Job Shuttle!" "There, there. Go right and lie down on the lounge and calm yourself. There, there!" and Job skipped off down town, chuckling to think he had secured a day to go fishing with the boys. She was so mad that she wouldn't stir a step with him, you know.

"Golden Medical Discovery,"
has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

Picking up: "I guess you must be better to-day," said Farmer Hodges to a sickly neighbor, whom he found rusticating in his strawberry patch. "Oh, I'm picking up a little," was the reply, as the invalid bent over to gather a red nugget or so.

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"
But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

"Is your wife a Democrat or a Republican?" asked one citizen of another. "She's neither," was the prompt response, and then glancing cautiously around, and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, he explained: 'She's a Home-Ruler."

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

A good catcher: Is that animal a success?" inquired a neighbor of a farmer who had recently purchased a watch-dog. "Well, I guess so; he caught right on the firstday," replied the owner, proudly pointing to a mouthful of pantaloons debris near the dog's kennel.

Kidney-Wort is a remedy which removes foul humors from the blood, and creates healthy action in every organ. Torpid kidneys and liver lead to gravel, diabetes, constipation, piles and rheumatism. Kidney-Wort is the surest and safest remedy to use.—*Courant.*

Cause and effect: Eminent provincial tragedian—"Come hitherr, sweet one. Your mothorr tells me that you shed teorrs during my soliloquy in the Exile last night!" Sweet one—"Yes, sir. Mother kept on pinching me 'cause I was so sleepy?"

There is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.

There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a young man who has been wedded about a year as to have to go to a store where there is a girl-clerk that he used to keep company with, and inquire for those large safety pins.

Scrofulous Humors.—The Vegetine has cured many cases of scrofula of five, ten and twenty years' standing, where the patient has had many physicians, tried many of the known remedies; and after trying the Vegetine, the common remark is "It acts differently, works differently from any medicine I have ever taken." Vegetine will cleanse scrofula from the system. Try it.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Snooks, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

Well Once More.
541 East Arch Stree
Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 22, 1881.
H. H. Warner & Co.: *Sirs*—I have suffered for many years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and have never found anything that would give me any relief except your safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Mrs. Mary Stager.

The too free practice of removing the tops of grape-bearing branches must be guarded against, because, as has been proved by the researches of M. Macagno, the green branches act as conductors of glucose. The most active agents in the forming of glucose and tartaric acid are the upper leaves of the fruit-bearing branch. If there is enough of grapes care must be be taken to permit enough of leaves to remain for the preparation of the grape sugar or the quality of the fruit will be deteriorated,

Kidney Disease.
Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, etc., cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. Send for pamphlet to E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

The horns of the water-snail are hollow tubes, and when it draws in its horns the eyes disappear down the tubes, When the "optics" are needed again it is only necessary for the muscles round the tube to contract, and so to squeeze the tip gradually out,

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Topham, an Englishman, born in 1710, was possessed of astonishing strength. His armpits, hollow in the case of ordinary men, were with him full of muscles and tendons. He would take a bar of iron, with its two ends held in his hand, place the middle of the bar behind his neck, and bend the extremities by main force until they met together.

TEAS in abundance.—83 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Teas in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

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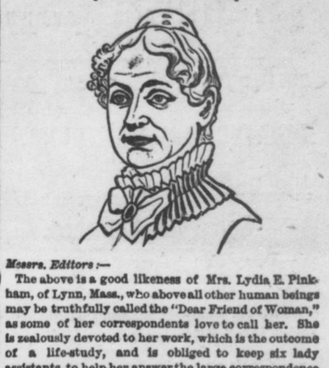

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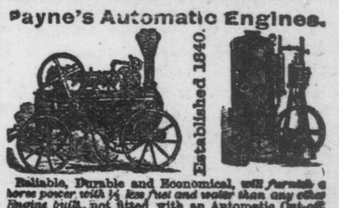
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